

THE GLENER



FOOTBALL ISSUE
November, 1943

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THE GLEANER

A publication arranged and edited by the students of
THE NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL
FARM SCHOOL, PA.



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Editorial

After observing the student body for quite some time, I have come to the conclusion that there is something lacking in the community fellowship of both upperclassmen as well as freshmen: this being the absence of school spirit.

School spirit is not something materialistic that can be obtained by purchase. This element which our student body lacks must emanate from the students themselves, with the help of the administration.

The mode of life we lead here is very definitely dull. The few dances which the different classes organize throughout the year are insufficient to supply the diversion necessary to buoy our mental outlook. I believe that this lack of recreation is the main cause for the dispirited attitude that the fellows have assumed. This reflects itself in one way or another in their daily activities, either in the fields or in the classroom.

It is evident that the morale of the boys should be raised to a higher standard. Probably many of you have noticed that even during the football season, which was called by a student the "spirit season," the students have responded very poorly to their school, to their colors, to their team and to their fellow schoolmates. We cheered our team but they were not spontaneous.

Suggestions for the improvement of our student body morale have been advanced by our new Director of Student Relations and also a few aggressive, interested boys.

Under consideration are plans to develop greater student participation in all school activities, which include the weekly assembly and chapel services and recreational functions after school hours. Since the success of any of these activities must be propelled by the interest of its members, the form of these activities must originate with the students themselves. For example, some of you may be interested in dramatics, others in athletic tournaments, and still others in agricultural clubs, intellectual forums, etc.

Perhaps the students would better appreciate the Chapel Services on Friday nights, and would also feel a more sincere attachment if these services were held in our little commemorative chapel and enhanced by guest speakers. The chapel would easily accommodate our reduced student body; heating the little building would be the main problem to overcome.

If it were possible to show a good feature movie once a week—as we used to have—many fellows would come out after supper for a few hours of relaxation.

All these suggestions present good possibilities to improve the spiritual welfare of the students and I think that the students will be glad to co-operate in order to achieve these aims.

—T. G.

President's Message

FOOD AS AN AFTER WAR PROBLEM

We are sometimes asked, "What will be the position of The National Farm School after the war?"; "What is the outlook for our graduates?"; "Will there not be a superabundance of food in the postwar world?"

Answers to such questions must be prognostic, and will depend largely on one's conception of economic and social conditions after the war and on prediction of the part our country will play in the internal welfare problems of liberated countries, and perhaps of other countries.

Our federal government is now interested in the health and welfare of children to the point of granting to public school systems throughout the country a subsidy for every pupil who is fed a balanced meal in school.

This is one indication of the ongoing requirements for a constantly increasing food production program, if only to supply the minimum needs of our own population for many years to come. But it is also obvious that food production in U. S. will not be limited to the needs of our people alone. The United States is the only allied country that is now able to produce food for its home population, its armed forces, its lend-lease obligation, and a rehabilitation program in freed countries.

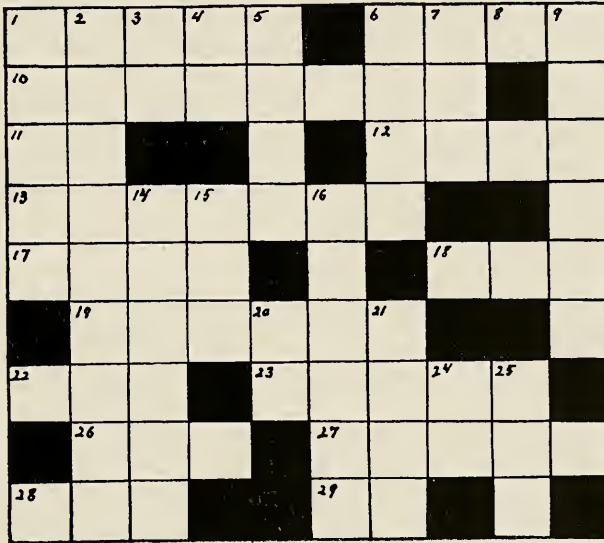
If the food supply is to be maintained on the grand scale here indicated, the present food program of this country will have to be greatly expanded to meet these needs. Every available acre of ground will have to be intensively cultivated; farm personnel will have to be greatly increased; more and more modern agricultural machinery will have to be put to use; and modern scientific methods of cultivation will be needed to capitalize on the utmost possible productive capacity of land, men, and machines.

This brief picture, if correct, defines at once the future course of The National Farm School and of every other institution training for scientific as well as practical agriculture. We must not only maintain our pupilage, but we must also increase our numbers to the full capacity of the school. We must render such auxiliary services in food production as will go beyond our regular instructional program. We must help our neighbors and the community as a whole to improve their productivity in accordance with the newest and most approved methods. In short, we must do our utmost to conserve and increase the world food supply.

Food will win the war, and also the peace.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE

By A. APPEL



ACROSS:

1. Grain
6. Expression of glee
10. Breed of cattle
11. Calf disease
12. Part of field plowed last
13. Intestinal enzyme
17. What's done on opposite of walking cultivator
18. Snake-like fish
19. Prepares food for assimilation
22. In horse's mouth
23. Way under horse's collar
26. What the school looks like on a dance week-end
27. Common drink
28. Whom we think of when we get that look
29. Two letters of "Tabernacle"

DOWN:

1. Essential for life
2. Subject to cross breeding
3. Sound made in hesitating
4. Adverb
5. Pronoun
6. European song bird
7. What a rooster likes
9. To make silage
14. Title for Gleaner head
15. Pieces of wood used instead of nails in old barns
16. Small animal study
20. Interlocutory expression
21. Posterior appendage
24. Abbreviated country mail
25. Drink at dinner.

(Answers on page 34)

SWEET WOMANHOOD

By RAY SOLOMON

When first mine eyes upon her cast
My mouth ajar, mine eyes aghast
At what before me stood.
Reality? Dream? Of stone? Of wood?

What made this creature, this horror sight?
Whose angry, sickened mind gave it light
To live and plague the human race
With 'torted form and witch-like face?

But there she stood, arms outstretched,
A woman they call this beastly wretch!
The "fairer sex" you'll hear them say!
But, believe me, that's of ancient day.

And so my limbs in fearful flight
Found me running day and night;
Then I awoke, perspired and chilled;
Of this ghastly dream my mind was filled—

With broken voice I oathed aloud
That I'd be hanged if I'd take a chance
Of going "Blind Date" to this Freshman Dance.



Women

A woman went up to a war bond
booth and said she wanted to buy
some war bonds.

"Very well," said the salesman,
"What denomination?"

"Presbyterian," she answered.

—*Scrippage*

AGRICULTURE

By M. NABUT and A. DANENBERG

Meisler: "Sorry, Mr. Silverman, that my hen got loose and scratched up your garden."

Silverman: "That's all right, my dog just ate your hen. . . ."

Meisler: "Fine, I just ran over your dog!"



Messing ran frantically down the ferry ship, leaped across the water and landed with a crash on the deck of the boat.

"Well," he said, satisfied with himself, "I made it."

"What's your hurry?" asked the deckhand, "this boat's just comin' in."

* * *

During a class of Farm Management, Harry Gransback interrupted a discussion and said: "To get off the subject, Dean, I want to ask you a question about Farm Management. . . ."

* * *

Mrs. Maines, shocked at the language of some manure haulers near the library, complained to their foreman. The foreman promised to inquire into the matter and called to one of the men.

"What's all this profane talk?" he asked.

"Why boss," replied a mutt, "it's nothing at all. Me and Joe, was workin' there side by side, and I accidentally let me pick slip and hit him in the head. And Joe looked at me and said: 'Now, really, Isadore, in the future you must handle that implement with more care'."

* * *

Pappy: "You haven't enough brains to come outen the rain."

Smulin: "Haw, haw, that proves that I've twice as many brains as you."

Pappy: "How come?"

Smulin: "It ain't raining!"

* * *

Somehow, Postman didn't eat breakfast, and walking toward the Poultry office with Kustin, he told the latter that he had missed his meal. "All right," said Dick, "we'll go by Hort and you'll get yourself an apple."

Postman thought for a minute, then remarked: "Do you think it's all right to eat on an empty stomach?"





The 1943 Undeclared Football Team

Ordinarily it is rather difficult to appraise the value of an undeclared football team when considering the many splendid aggregations which I have been fortunate to have under my tutelage for approximately nineteen consecutive years.

However, this squad of fifteen varsity players deserves high commendation for the notable achievement of completing an undeclared football season. It is significant in these times of worldly conflict that the very fundamentals of combat which our boys in the service are using to great advantage in bringing home the inevitable victory were used by our football team. Without going into any phase of football theory or technique, the main factor behind all our successful results of team play were dominated by a splendid competitive spirit and comradeship amongst the boys on the team and as relayed to them in spirit which was expressed by the interest shown through the student body, Alumni Association and friends of the school. I consider this squad leaving us has maintained, not only our tradition of fighting spirit, but also the unusual combination of intelligence and football aggressiveness which is a very valuable attribute.

There are many splendid expressions which could be used to describe the boys representing this aggregation. It is noteworthy to mention that we started the season with three veterans from last year's

undefeated team; the rest of the squad was composed of Freshmen, Juniors and Seniors who never played football in previous years. They proved the fine object lesson of what can be accomplished with a co-operative spirit plus the mental alertness and aggressiveness necessary in any endeavors. This squad has enriched the football tradition and life of their Alma Mater. The boys who remain for next year will undoubtedly do their best to carry on these splendid traditions. Nobody, however, will forget the four departing Seniors who have done so valiantly to achieve this splendid record.

1. Captain Seymour Freed proved himself not only an inspirational leader, but a good, shifty, running ball carrier, hard blocker and fine defensive man. His accomplishments and inspirational leadership will not be forgotten.

2. Richard Raben proved a fine running half-back, excellent passer and good kicker, but more important is the object lesson he emphasized when it is realized that not until his Senior year at Farm School, did he become a candidate for the team, and then only during the last six weeks of the season. Had he become interested earlier in this Farm School sport, this young man would have undoubtedly become one of our outstanding football competitors.

3. Jack Lieber, a steady, hard-playing man in a line which played such a strong offensive and defensive game as a unit of seven men. Jack never came out for the football team until his Senior year.

4. One of the most pleasing experiences that I can offer is mentioning Tuvijas Goldoftas, "Pete." It is awe-inspiring to reflect that not many years ago this man had the privilege of coming to the United States in his desire to flee the persecution and tyranny which was raging in European countries. It is obvious that our American way of life and the spirit of competitive sports was gradually being assimilated by this young man and it was really a pleasure to see him respond to our American game and gratifying that he could compete favorably in these contests, considering that it took him three years to become acclimated. His Senior year should be one of the most inspirational in his career and also, serve as a great symbol to others who have migrated from European shores.

As in correspondence with many of our former students and athletes now in the military service of our country who end their letters, this 1943 undefeated football team has also served to perpetuate our traditional motto:

FIGHTING HEARTS, WE CAN'T BE BEAT.

Coach Samuel B. Samuels

SPORTS

By DAVEY W. GOODMAN

PEP RALLY

It was generally agreed by the visiting Alumni, that the first pep rally this year was the best seen at N. F. S. The spirit of the students was shown in the manner they presented their songs and cheers. "46" really did itself proud at the bonfire, the "Mutts" did a great job, and Al Danenberg was tops as M. C.

* * *

N.F.S. BEATS LAKEWOOD 12-6

The pep rally had the desired effect on our team, because a green Green and Gold eleven played one of the most spirited games I have ever seen. Although only a couple veterans from last year's team were on the field, the "Bulldogs" beat (and I do mean "beat up") a fast and tricky Lakewood High eleven by 12-6.

The game started with Lakewood taking the ball half way down the field on a series of reverses. Soon, however, the "Hicks" caught wise and stopped the attack. The "Farmers" then drove down the field and Ike Srour bulled his way over for our first touchdown. The kick was N. G.

The "Piner's" Jim Royal took the kick-off and ran a beautiful seventy-five yards for Lakewood's score. The game then see-sawed back and forth with Bruno's kick-

ing keeping Farm School on the "right" side of the field.

In the third quarter, the "Rock" took the ball over center for thirty-five yards, and the final score of the game, Farm School 12 — Lakewood, 6.

* * *

"BULLDOGS" WALLOP BOOTHWYN 53-0

After a recess of more than two weeks, the "Bulldogs" resumed play with that eager spirit to win. The weather was favorable, and at 2:30 the kick-off whistle blew.

After three minutes of play, Freed swept around end for Farm School's first touchdown. Raben kicked the extra point. The "Bulldogs" play was featured with powerful line bucks and runs. Boothwyn fumbled often. A few minutes later Rosov went around end and with powerful blocking reached the end zone. Raben converted again.

The rest of the game continued on the same theme: Farm School scoring two touchdowns in each quarter. Raben scored twice in a row, but failed to convert the extra points. Against a courageous, but weak Boothwyn defense, the Green and Gold scored with Rosov on a cutback and a long pass from Raben to Brunwasser. The final score came with an easy victory over a light Boothwyn team 53-0.

FARM SCHOOL CRUSHES W. NOTTINGHAM ACADEMY 71-0

The Farmers won themselves an easy victory as they plowed through the cracking line of their comparatively weak opponent, W. Nottingham Academy.

The game was highlighted by considerable gains of yardage on end sweeps. Both Freed and Raben starred by scoring numerous times on runs which featured excellent blocking on the part of our efficient linemen. Ike was the high scorer of the day.

Much credit is due to Lynn's intelligent calling of signals. The victory was not as easy as the score indicates, and the whole game required much driving from every one of the players.

* * *

"BULLDOGS" SWAMP CONSHOHOCKEN 42-0

The Green and Gold encountered Conshohocken after their easy victory over Nottingham. During the first half the opponents, with a heavy charging line, made things very uncomfortable for the overconfident agriculturists. After a Green and Gold safety in the first period, the game settled down to a nip and tuck fight, each team losing the ball on downs.

The second half opened with the farmers marching down the field. After a hard fight they crossed the goal line for their first touchdown. A few minutes later, a pass to Bruno was converted into another goal. From then on, the farmers took over the field, and scored again and again on plays and interceptions.

FARMERS DEFEAT TRENTON CATHOLIC 19-7

Undefeated this far, the Green and Gold took the field against Trenton Catholic High, which was represented by a heavy and powerful squad.

After receiving, Trenton was stopped dead, and the Bulldogs took the ball for a touchdown. The placement kick was blocked. Receiving the ball again, Trenton went down the field with left charges thru the line and deceptive reverses. Their efforts culminated with a touchdown followed by an extra point acquired on a sweep. In the middle of the second quarter, Raben received a punt, and with excellent blocking and pivoting, ran for a touchdown. He converted the extra point.

The second half saw a repetition of the game against Conshohocken. The Farmers came back with inexhaustible power and soon a one-sided game resulted. The Bulldogs scored another touchdown with Raben, who failed to convert.

This was a tough game, well fought and well won.

* * *

BULLDOGS TRIUMPH OVER SWARTHMORE JR. VARSITY V-12, 14-6

Farm School Bulldogs completed their second consecutive undefeated season by beating Swarthmore College V-12 to the tune of 14-6. It was Farm School's toughest game of the season and the

(continued on page 14)

SPORT SHORTS

By DAVEY W. GOODMAN

The gang was sitting around "gassing" about school in general and football in particular. The gang consisted of both players and spectators, yet we all agreed on one thing: this was a one-game season. I guess this statement sounds rather queer, but think, what one thought has been on your mind since the season started? How does Swarthmore look? How did they do last week? Can we take them? Now you know the answer, but what did you think after the first game? The team was green. We won, but it wasn't too easy. Then came the two weeks without a game. Would the team go into a slump? It didn't appear as if they did, Boothwyn can testify.

The team was really rolling now. West Nottingham had a fairly good team, yet they looked awfully silly at the tail end of a 71-0 score. Now we did get worried a little. Would the team get swell-headed and blow up? For the first half of the Conshohocken game it looked as if they did, but between the half the coach kicked that thought out of their mind. After that it was murder.

The Trenton Catholic game was a real thriller. Those boys were tough, but not tough enough. Plenty of blood was shed on both sides, but as long as we won, no one seemed to mind. Now the team was set. We had a little surprise before the Swarthmore game. Signs were put up around the campus: "It's coming." What was coming? No one knew, but to the delight of everyone, especially the mutts, who expected something else, a pep rally was held the night before the game. Everyone was in high spirits and the Alumni were out in full force. Len Rose and Dan Miller were the directors of the rally and did a swell job. Everything ran off smoothly. The refreshments were very good.

The Alumni all had a few words for the team, and the team, as usual, had practically no word at all. Al Burcheck was master of ceremonies.

Saturday noon the Swarthmore team appeared, all in Navy uniforms. They looked big and they were. The stands were packed for the game, the crowd yelling all the way. There were people present who never attended a game before. The game is now over. We won. The season is over also, but only physically. Years from now you will still hear: "Remember that Swarthmore game in '43? That was a real game."

Yes, that was a real game and a real season, a "Farm School season." And we won't forget it for a long while.

Let's have a look at the team:

Seymour Freed, Captain of the team, started off with a few bad breaks, mostly physical, but as soon as he got into condition he went to town. Cy had his whole heart in the game and really did his part and is responsible to a great extent for the successful season.

Marty Lynn, our quarterback, although the lightest man on the team, was one of the best blockers we had. He was always on the alert and did an excellent job as a quarterback.

Dick Raben, a natural at any sport, was tops at football. His running, passing and kicking helped make this a successful season.

Ike Srour gains his fame by his spectacular line charges, one arm forward and crashing through whether there was an opening or not.

Hal Rosov, although new at football, developed into a good player. His performance improved with each game.

Larry Grossman, a powerful back, is a bit slow. A little more practice and he will be really good. He did his job well this season.

Al Brunwasser, our strong side end, played a splendid game all season. His ability to catch passes won us many touchdowns. His punting helped also in keeping us on the winning side of the field.

Ernie Elgart, though quiet off the field, was tough when it came to playing. Fast and powerful, he broke up many an opponent's play by crashing through before the offense got started.

Yona Brown was our strong side guard and "terrific." Brown was speed, power and brains all in one. A job well done.

Ralph Moritz, or Shrimp, played a good, steady game at center. He kept the line pepped up by beating up any over-sized lineman that slowed him up for a second.

Jack Lieber, after taking a pounding from the Varsity for two years, finally earned the right to do a little driving himself. He was always high in spirit and helped keep the rest of the team in the same mood.

Sid Weinhaus had power to spare, but not enough speed to go with it. "Ugh" worked hard to keep up with the fast-moving Bulldogs and did a swell job.

Bernie Trachtenberg, our No. 12, could be good if he wanted to. However, most of the time he lacked the drive necessary, but as the season advanced he became a thorn in the side of any opponent.

Tobi Goldoftas was a debutant at football this season. Outside of being a little over-anxious at the wrong moments, Tobi did a swell job. He took football seriously and tried his best at all times.

Irv Handlesman, usually mentally awake, took good care of his end of the line. It is a shame he came out for the team so late, otherwise he would have even been better than he was.

We had lots of managers this year.

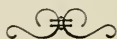
Dick Kustin was senior manager and one of the best at Farm School. He did a grand job everywhere, and helped keep the team in shape.

Jack Gurewitz was trainer. He never believed in pampering anyone as any member of the squad can testify. Amazingly enough, the team stayed in good physical condition all season.

Al Danenberg was Dick's assistant and Phil Hoffman, Al's assistant, and both proved themselves to be very helpful.

Herby Sherman and Fred Feldman, including your writer and half a dozen other fellows helped Jack in his mission of rubdowns, etc.

Good squad, good managers, good season! A job well done.



Basketball outlook:

The prospects for a good team are high. We have from last year Dick Raben, Al Brunwasser, Cy Freed and Jack Gurewitz. Also some good men from the scrubs and freshmen.

How about an undefeated season in basketball to match baseball and football? This will make a clean sweep for the year.



SWARTHMORE GAME

(continued from page 11)

Green and Gold really had to fight their way to victory.

All Farm School points were scored in the second quarter. Captain Freed intercepted a pass and raced fifty-nine yards for the first

touchdown. Later, Raben plowed through Swarthmore's line and completed the second touchdown. Swarthmore gained strength in third quarter and managed to score a touchdown. The kick was blocked.

They were a serious threat throughout the game and kept our men fighting for every yard gained.

MY FIRST AND LAST!

By BEN LEVY

It all comes back to me now. I can remember it distinctly. The tragedy occurred on the week-end of the Barn Dance.

On the Saturday before the great event, I found myself sitting down at my desk writing to her. The next thing I knew, the letter was on its way. Why did I do it? Tell me, why did it have to happen to me? A week went by. A week of misery, a week of horrible dreams. I lay awake at night thinking of what she would look like. What...?

Finally the day arrived. There I was at the station, biting my nails. (No, I was not nervous!) The train rounded the bend and came to a halt. The conductor stepped off the train followed by a bunch of young ladies. My young guest seemed not to be there as the few boys who were also waiting had recognized their dates and had left with them. I was alone at the station. Suddenly, I heard a scream inside the train, "Is this Farm School?" and almost at the same time a girl jumped off the train. I had only one intuition, it was the right one. Without looking at her I picked up her suitcase and we started for the campus.

I arrived at the reception room in one piece with my date on one arm and her trunk-like suitcase in the other. We had a big football game, so I told her to go and enjoy the game, as I had something important to do. I was with her again

after the game. We then registered and I escorted her to the dormitory. In the evening I met her on the campus and we went to the dance.

I was on the verge of collapse. I was disgusted with life in general. We strolled over the grounds and down to the gym where the dance was to be held. I never felt so miserable in all my life. Why did I have to have her for a date? There were so many other boys. . . .

Upon entering the gym, all eyes were cast upon us. Then came a burst of laughter, then another, and another. I blushed terribly, but not Sadie. She seemed so thrilled, as if she were the center of attraction.

I pulled her behind a stack of bales until things cooled off. "Let's dance, honeybunch," she asked and she inched over to me. I backed up against the wall and she closed in. Smack! . . . It felt like a piece of blubber slapped me in the face. That was going too far.

She danced divinely that night. She would swing me around like a pretzel. She would pull me all over the place. My brain was about to explode. I had to find a way out of it. But how? Suddenly, as I looked over her shoulder, I noticed the refreshment stand. A brilliant idea came to my mind. "Won't you have something to eat, sugar?" Her eyes lit up with glee at the sound of that word. She certainly loved

our sweet cider and delicious cake. I insisted upon her having another glass of cider and another piece of cake, and another and another, and another. She finally stopped, not being able to eat anymore. The band started playing a fast swing tune and I thought that that dance would help her digest the cake and cider.

Results came fast. Much to my "surprise" and her discomfort the food had taken effect on her. She was sick. I assisted her to her room

and told her how sorry I was about her being ill. We departed for the night. The next morning she was still ill and I advised her to take the early train home and much to my surprise she did. Was I relieved!

The rest of that day I walked around with my chin up in the air as if it had been set in plaster cast.

Heed my advice, fellows, when you go out with a blind date, be certain that she is not more than a foot taller than you!

Editor's Note: This story was awarded the first prize by the Gleaner Jury as being the best entry in the Blind Date Contest.



Not All Loonie

Hitler was making a tour of a German lunatic asylum. All the inmates lined up and as soon as the Dictator appeared stood smartly at attention and gave the Nazi salute. All, that is, except one man at the end of the line.

"Hi!" screamed Adolf, "why aren't you saluting?"

"Don't be silly," said the man. "I'm one of the guards here, not one of the inmates."

—Scrippage

Miscount?

German Flyer (at gates of heaven) :
"We'd like to come in."

St. Peter: "How many are there in your group?"

Flyer: "Forty."

St. Peter: "Sorry, only four of you can enter."

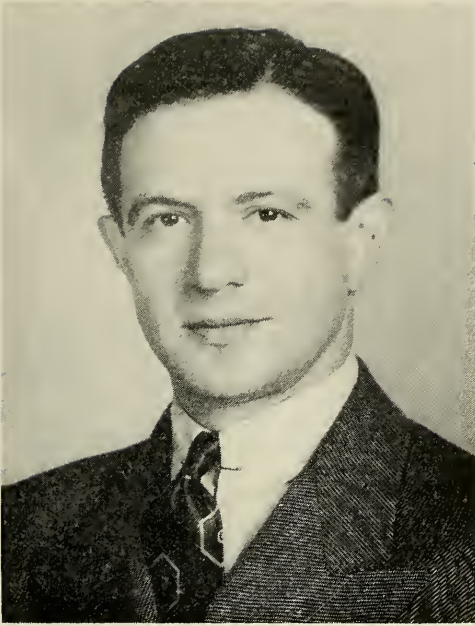
Flyer: "Why?"

St. Peter: "That's all Goebbels said were shot down."

—Scrippage



Bacterial cultures have been developed to an extent which enables men to eat and digest grass with no ill effect. In fact scientists working on this formula have lived solely on grass for several years.



WELCOME HOME

Returning to National Farm School from where I graduated some seventeen years ago, brings to memory many recollections of interesting incidents, of many friendships, which still endure, and, yes, of days of toil.

Those early months at Farm School were trying ones, but as I look back upon them now they were not so difficult, and one realizes that all changes made in life must pass through a similar pattern.

To me, Farm School offers its students much more than instruction in the rudiments of agriculture; it aids in the development of the character of its students and in preparing them for the "hard knocks" in life.

Frequently, I have referred to Farm School as a small world all of its own where its students, who are in daily contact with each other, learn to associate with their fellow schoolmates. The lesson of "give and take" is the backbone of any successful career.

To round up our life at school, recreation in its many diversions is important. At Farm School we have our athletic teams and our social affairs. Possibly, with the co-operation of the entire student body, we can enlarge the extra-curricular activities for everyone. Your suggestions, ideas and expressions will always be welcomed.

—Irwin Klein

DEAR FELLOW STUDENTS:

You could not have expressed yourselves more happily to me when you inscribed on the fine watch you gave me just before I left Farm School, the words: "To a Man We Thank You. Classes '44, '45, '46." I realized then, more than ever, that you appreciated the spirit I tried to exemplify during the five years I served Farm School as Director of Student Relations and Field Educational Director. To a man, I thank you.

Farm School, like all other institutions, is seriously feeling the impact of the war. There is a smaller student body. Fund raising is more difficult. A changing world makes it necessary to prepare farmers who must be able to adapt themselves to changing conditions. Perhaps, then, this is an opportune time for Farm School to re-examine its structure, and its objectives. May I submit some observations and questions derived from my five years' experience at Farm School.

Rabbi Krauskopf hoped to reduce the pressure of immigration to large cities with trained farmers directing colonization projects in the United States. With less and less immigration, and practically no opportunities for colonization in the United States, should students be trained for such opportunities elsewhere; particularly Palestine?

Should Farm School make necessary adjustments in curriculum and methods to assure students a larger measure of college credit?

Do extensive farm operations afford the best training opportunities? Can supervisors responsible for large crop acreage spare the time for detailed instruction? Or is an apprenticeship system where students serve the needs of the farm, the best method of learning practical and scientific agriculture?

Is a three-year course too long? If so, what length course is preferable?

All of these questions elicit varying answers. They refer, however, to problems whose solution becomes more and more imperious. Studied objectively in a genuine, scientific spirit, by experts, who first become well acquainted with the School's routine, a sound and practical result should be obtainable; a system that should meet the greatest need in the long run.

In the meantime you should be patient. Your suggestions might be helpful, too. Changes, if required, take time. Students sincerely interested in agriculture should not impetuously give up opportunities presently available.

May the future bring forth all that is good for you and Farm School.

Your devoted counselor,

Samuel J. Gurbarg

Hey, Scholar!

By T. G.

Do you actually think that you work? Oh yeah? Well suppose we figure it out together. You, dear reader, have most certainly spent four years in High School, but do you think you learned anything? Just follow me as closely as you can.

You've slept an average of eight hours a day, seven days a week, fifty-two weeks a year. This amounts to 2,912 hours yearly, or 121 days. As you probably liked to take your meals at ease, you spent one hour at breakfast, one hour at lunch, one hour at supper, altogether three hours daily. I suppose that you ate seven days a week, fifty-two weeks a year, altogether 1,092 hours, or, to make things simpler, forty-five days.

I think you looked forward to those week-ends when you enjoyed a well earned rest; and you didn't go to school Saturday afternoon or Sunday, which deducts seventy-eight days more from your classroom work. Of course, since you were very studious, or should be, you were entitled to a summer vacation of sixty long, lazy, beautiful days, during which you took a good rest. Back in school, you soon awaited the Christmas vacation followed a few months later by the Easter vacation, together amounting to thirty days. Then, of course, there is Memorial Day, and you "got off."

As healthy as you may have been, somehow or other, you did catch cold especially in the winter time, and deducting only two weeks is, I think, very reasonable. To keep in good health, you must keep clean. Allowing twenty minutes a day for shower or bath is not too much, and keeping clean will consume about six more days of your very precious time. In the course of the year you "got off" on Armistice Day, Columbus Day, Independence Day, Lincoln's Birthday, Washington's Birthday, Election Day, two days for Thanksgiving, Good Friday, and probably a few more days which slip my mind at this moment.

Dear reader, if at this time you don't trust me and you want to go to the trouble of adding all these days, you will find that they amount to approximately 364 days! ! Yes, one day less than the whole year. . . . Have no fear, dear reader, this last day you didn't go to school either, because . . . it was Labor Day! ! !



What a Fit!

The Supply Sergeant handed the recruit a pair of trousers and the recruit put them on. They fit perfectly. So did the blouse and the cap. "Gad, man!" exclaimed the Sarge, "you must be deformed."

—*Scripppage*



NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL

Class of '23

R. Regelson

Class of '24

S. Michael

Class of '26

J. Simons

Class of '28

A. Abelson

E. Bernhard

A. Bitz, S. Sgt.

*M. Levine

Class of '29

*R. Deal

T. Fertig

C. Jung

G. Haines

A. Kissilef, Lt.

L. Rickert

M. Rodels

*I. Stenn

R. Stuhlman

N. Tannenbaum, P. Sgt.

L. Werhner

A. Zaro

Class of '30

S. Kogan

M. Lahr

J. Moser

E. Seipp

N. Werrin, Mjr. Vet.

B. Werrin

Class of '31

C. Brown

L. Sezov

E. Schnall

E. Frankell

Class of '32

P. Bercutt

A. Kaufman

N. Moser

W. Rosenberg

*J. Silverberg

G. Westredge, Corp.

S. Zuckerman

Class of '33

D. Bourne

M. Maxton

R. Link

E. Poole

Class of '34

H. Apatker, Corp.

E. Hubbs, Lt.

H. Myers

A. Egerland, Lt.

A. Raditz

Class of '35

J. Golombek, Cpt.

H. McAllister

H. Roberson, Lt. Vet.

A. Teller

Class of '36

S. Altman

D. Bloch

E. Ginsberg

I. Klein

†T. Lewis (Pearl Harbor)

M. Saline

Class of '37

*M. Bach, Corp.

*S. Blatt

J. Cohen

B. Dienstman

M. Eisman

H. Erde

H. Mendell

N. Stein, Sgt.

E. Rivkin

J. Winderman

Class of '38

L. Bartel

Blumenthall

*A. Bogatin, Lt.

*S. Charlesworth, Lt.

B. Feinberg

Y. Frainkel

J. Freehafer

L. Gershenson

H. Gilbert

H. Haas

L. Hyde

M. Kaplan

G. Kessler

A. Mellon

M. Mellon

E. Moss

M. Moss

*J. Nelson

D. Oschrein

M. Seligman

J. Simons

E. Rintz

B. Roseman

S. Wolkoff

E. Zartarian, Corp.

Class of '39

M. Bernzweig

*L. Black

G. Cohen, Sgt.

‡Derffer

F. Jacobson, Lt.

A. Isbet



L ALUMNI HONOR ROLL



L. Lewis
J. Magan
M. Needles
G. Kopolow
H. Rich
F. Van Horn

Class of '40

E. Belford
*F. Blau, Sgt.
*B. Cohen, Corp.
*T. Ettlinger
*D. Friedman
H. Goldberg, Lt.
*M. Golden
E. Grosskopf, Corp.
L. Kaigh, Sgt.
R. Long, Lt.
A. Lavine
L. Levy
L. Lucas, Lt.
N. Morton
M. Roth, Sgt.
*W. Rubinstein, Ms. Sgt.
*A. Snyder
W. Schmidt, Lt.
*S. Spiegel, 2nd Lt.
†A. Savino (accident)

Class of '41

N. Ballick
C. Baral
*B. Bershtein
N. Bogdonoff, Lt.
H. Ershler
R. Groben
V. Hendricks
W. Kastner
E. Lowenthall
A. Levitzky
L. Males

*A. Malin
*S. Malinsky
W. Newman
*A. Pekeris
S. Rappoport
M. Sernofsky
A. Sobelman, Cpt.
C. Teller
C. Thomas
W. Weisberg

Class of '42

S. Adler
J. Alson
C. Berger
N. Berkowitz
*I. Bilsky
H. Brauer
A. Cohen
H. Coogan
S. Feldman
R. Fox, Sgt.
I. Flaum
D. Garber
R. Gudykunst
L. Handler
P. Hayden
L. Kleinman
S. Kugelman
M. Levinowsky
J. Nathanson, Lt.
R. Neeson
W. Orel
*L. Polakoff
G. Rebert
M. Roseman
P. Salm
M. Schoenfield
*M. Shapiro, Sgt.
R. Shutsky

F. Silverman
M. Weinstock
J. Wolf, Lt.

Class of '43

A. Gerson
W. Draving
W. Gerhart
*H. Schoenberg
B. Schraeder
P. Schwartz
D. Seligman
W. Sonntag

Class of '44

J. Cohen
A. Goodman
*R. Herz
*L. Jacobs
J. Milligan
*V. Rubin

Class of '45

S. Altman
R. Cohen
S. Goldstein
J. Gerson
A. Holtzman
S. Mermelstein
H. Pomerantz
I. Snyder
B. Zinader

Others

E. Meyers
A. Rebitz
L. Rocklin

* * *

*Overseas
†Killed
‡Missing



JUST HEAVENLY

RAY SOLOMON

Peter stood at the massive wooden gates (they had been made of iron, originally, but were dismembered and sold to a certain country on earth along with the Second and Sixth Ave. Elms of New York City) waiting for someone to approach. Ah yes, the universe was going to h . . . , for, as the years passed, fewer souls were being recommended for entrance into heaven. In fact, the situation had become so acute that King Zeus had called a meeting of all the savants in order to lower the entrance requirements. Surely, they said, someone was worthy of being saved!

A smile covered the face of old Peter as he perceived a figure slowly approaching the gates of heaven through the haze.

"Whoopee!!" shouted Peter as he flung open the gates to admit the soul. The usual questions were put to the newcomer, but he seemed to have great difficulty in answering them.

"You are quite young to be visiting us," exclaimed Peter.

"Well," retorted the stranger, "you see, I was employed at a school, er, no, on a farm, oh, I could never figure out just what the darn place was. Anyway, I was in charge of several boys who worked in a dairy down on earth. Everything went just fine till the war came."

"Oh, so you were killed in action," said Peter.

"Not exactly," was the earthman's reply. "You see, because of the war there developed a scarcity of paper. I had a life subscription to some 398 different publications, some of which had to be discontinued because of the paper shortage. Naturally, with nothing to do all day long, I developed an acute case of boredom accompanied by chronic lack of exercise, and died of same."

"Let me look at your ear tag again," said Peter. "Heaven forbid," he exclaimed upon reading the inscription on the metal tag. "My dear man, you are a little off course. You were supposed to report for induction into 'Satana' which lies directly south of here."

So, bidding him "Good Eternity," Peter slammed the gate in disappointment and hurried over to the mess hall, for Gabriel had just sounded the dinner bell.

CHAPTER 2

The next day the sun did not rise until the early afternoon, and Zeus was peeved.

"Send Aurora to me at once," he roared to Mercury. And before you could say "Confucius," a chariot appeared at the "Snow-Bank Hall" bearing the Goddess Aurora. She alighted from her carriage, polished her halo, powdered her

wings, and entered the Hall.

"Why in the universe were you late in putting on the lights?" thundered Zeus. "I should fire you!"

"I couldn't help it, M. G. (My Greatness)" she answered timidly, "I kept running over two earthly bodies that were floating around in the atmosphere."

"Bring those two bottle-necks to me," ordered the King of Gods. As Mercury left the hall, Zeus, with a wink and a smile, put his arm around the meager waist of Aurora who faked a blushing cry of surprise. But no sooner had Mercury's tricycle disappeared from sight than he was back with the two unfortunate souls. Zeus had by now lost all his anger and was indeed in a very receptive mood. He invited the two souls to sup with him, and thus a long discussion ensued. But now let me describe these two mortals.

The first soul was of very pleas-

ant nature. His empty face always bore a large smile just packed full of teeth. Not having grown a pair of wings, he had to borrow a broom from a certain nice lady he had "picked up" on the way. (It was his only means of transportation.)

The second soul was of shorter stature, but he was definitely the leader of the two. His domineering voice made even the Great God Zeus shudder with inquietude.

The doors of the dining hall opened, and lo and behold, out stepped the second soul, scepter in hand bearing the robes of Zeus. Behind him scrambled the first soul constantly asking for this and that like a spoiled child in a toy store. Far to the rear of the scene stood Zeus in white uniform and chef's hat. His sweaty face was beaming and in his hand he held a few worthless earthly dollars.

The doors closed, and a new order had arrived in Heaven.



REMINISCING

By R. S.

Clear skies of water blue,
Naked fields in autumn hue,
A host of birds in southward flight,
Grackle cawing from morn 'til night.

Golden corn in towering shock,
The chilled winds doth the squirrel mock,
And twilight brings the harvest moon,
And shrouded hills where shadows loom.

Summer's passed, and fall is spent;
Winter's come, hard nature sent,
And here I lie in quilted folds,
Warm summer thought my memory holds.

PERSONALITIES

By M. NABUT and A. DANENBERG

IRVING (SLEEPY) WALDMAN

The place: Sleepy Waldman's room. The time: about 6:47 A.M. The person: about seven of them. The (inanimate) object: Sleepy.

Seven students are grouped around a bed, holding their breath and staring intently upon a sleeping figure. This went on for about five minutes, when the 6:55 bell rang and the figure stirred ever so slightly. At this moment the figures gathered even more closely and still held their breath!!

Suddenly!! Without warning, the figure turned ever so slowly over on his side, opened one eye, gazed around the room, opened the other eye, gazed around the room and at the clock, and went back to sleep.

But that was enough. Immediately the students dashed out of the room and ran about spreading the news that Sleepy moved!! (A special issue of the Gleaner was going to be put out, but due to the war, etc., it was decided against.)

His sleepiness is a little bit over exaggerated, but in reality, he is the only living man that looks and acts dead. His reactions are so slow you could shoot him through the head and he would take a half hour to die.

Believe it or not this "Character" got up enough energy to major in the Poultry Department where he can show up the best of them

in the theoretical as well as the practical side of the business.

"Speed-demon" would give you the shirt off his back and many a time he did so because he is our laundryman.

Irving never seems to be in a hurry, not that it would do him any good, for attempts to rile him have failed time and time again. If he were to be mad at you he would calmly sit down and rip the buttons off your shirt and then force you to eat the shirt, taking extreme caution to see that every button and pin is removed first however.

Waldy almost made the movies and Robert Ripley's column but his roommate proved he was alive. Incidentally, Waldman had to prove his roommate was alive at the same time.



JACK (BALL) GUREWITZ

If you were to walk down the hall on the second floor any time at night, except after nine o'clock during football and basketball season, you will hear a popular song being sung by a duet. The one with the worst voice is Jack. (That is if you can tell which is the worst.)

After studying the book "Psychoanalysis" by Sigmund Freud, Jack kept his roommate up night after night explaining and re-explaining why the moon is not made of green cheese, why he always loses in card games, and how to play the piano in ten easy lessons or one hard one.

"Ball" could talk the rings off a raccoon, the signature off a one dollar bill, Einstein out of his hair, and the ears off a brass monkey. He drives a very hard bargain and that is why his class, small as it is, is really going to town in the history of Farm School. He is the backbone and the spark of the class.

If you want to know anything about the anatomy of the human body, I suggest that you look up "Doc." After all, he's taped up more ankles than Heinz has varieties. His digestion is his phobia. He really takes his time when he eats. He has to start his supper one and one-half hours ahead of time so that he can finish by half past seven. But when he is in a hurry, look out! He dashes through his meal in two hours straight.

Hailing from Astoria, N. Y., he is naturally a woman killer with a special color affinity for red. Even when psychoanalysed himself, he couldn't understand this strange vermilion attraction.

Majoring in Poultry and mail boy, Jack is the essence of efficiency. He is the type who will make his chickens punch a time clock every time they lay an egg.

One of the toughest jobs of any

class leader is the production of the class yearbook, and on Jack's shoulders rests that job. Good luck to you, Jack.

* * *

TOBI (PETE) GOLDOFTAS

You have seen Westerners with Eastern accents, Easterners with Western accents, foreigners with American accents, Americans with foreign accents, but have you seen a Litvak with a French accent? Neither did I, that is, until I was dragged onto the Gleaner staff.

It was a queer situation that fateful day when I was entered on the roster of the Gleaner. I was out in the orchard in my freshman year, and all of a sudden I saw somebody coming out into the road where we were pulling a "racket." It was Mr. Purmell. Immediately Tuvijas climbed a tree, picked all the apples without a ladder, and pruned it with his bare hands in four and one-half minutes.

Mr. Purmell sorta thought "Unprintable" was going to major in Hort., and when Goldoftas picked apples on one tree and then another without climbing down to the ground, and when he lifted ten bushels of apples on to the wagon at one time, and when he disked ten acres one morning not only starting at four o'clock in the morning, but pulling the disk himself, and when the old "Peon" himself ate two vegetables a day, it became a little clearer that Tobi was going to major in Horticulture.

"Pete" not only helped make his department outstanding this year, but was an important factor in the success the football team now enjoys. Goldoftas was an end and helped put the spark in the line.



Tobi is the Editor of The Gleaner, as you probably know anyway. He's a "go-getter" and really organizes the material in fine style. He gets what he goes after. When he wants a story he usually gets it on the double quick time; but after all what innocent writer wants his arm twisted off because of a little story? (This story was typed with my left hand.)

Thanks to Goldoftas this part of the school spirit still rides a swift pace and is destined to become a winner.

FACTS AND FIGURES

We all know that certain numbers have certain meanings, but did you know what the following numbers represent?

1,550 is the number of feathers on a chickadee; 2,160 is the number of bites of grass a cow takes a day (on the average, of course); 46,400 represents the amount of hair you'll find on one square inch of a rabbit's hide; 120,000 is the number of leaves you counted on a beech tree eight inches in diameter, and 000,015.00 is the number of men on The Gleaner staff. How about increasing this last figure?

* * *

Horse Sense?

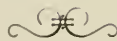
Cavalry Recruit: "Sergeant, pick me a nice, gentle horse."

Sergeant: "Have you ever ridden a horse before?"

Cavalry Recruit: "No."

Sergeant: "Ah, here's just the animal for you. Never been ridden before. You can both start together."

—Scrippage



To load an average ship with lend-lease food, it requires the combined output of 3,800 typical farms, the year's milk production of 6,000 cows, a year's lay of 230,000 hens, the meat of 5,000 hogs and the lard of 27,000 of them; the wheat of 850 acres.

“AMERICAN DISHWATER”

By R. SOLOMON

“Hey waiter! Get some coffee...” shouts a famished voice. The waiter, with a jerk and a shuffle, paddles into the dreary-lit kitchen. The brown, almost black liquid streams forth into the stainless white pitcher. The steam, laden with the numbing evanescent aroma, bellows upward scenting the room with its sweet richness. The spigot on that urn unloosens not only the most widely used beverage, but also a history that is enchanting in its antiquity.

Coffee was first discovered in Abyssinia by a goat-herder, who found that his flock became playful and overactive after nibbling upon the waxen leaves of the coffee plant, which still grows native in that region.

The beverage was quickly adopted by the monastery as all alcoholic drinks were taboo. The Arab found that coffee was an excellent hot drink, especially in the cold desert nights. He was the first to find that by roasting the bean, the flavor can be improved. Due to his nomadic life, he carried the habit into Turkey, Syria and all the Near East. Finally, it was brought to England in the first half of the seventeenth century, and was supreme in the Isle for more than fifty years.

Lloyds of London, center of marine intelligence and largest insurance company in the world, started as a coffee shop during that time. The thrifty Dutch, seeing the com-

mercial potentialities of the drink, planted coffee in the damp, organic soils of Java. From there, the plant spread to Brazil and the other South and Central American countries. It was at that time that coffee was adapted by the people of what was then the thirteen Independent States.

Today, the United States consumes fifteen pounds per capita, or 750,000 tons of coffee annually.

The evergreen coffee tree attains a height of fifteen to twenty feet with a bearing life of forty to 100 years. The tree blossoms into large white flowers, whose fragrance is overpowering. Four months after pollination, the cherry-like drupes start to turn from green to red. The red berries are picked, dried and hulled. Caffein, the stimulant in coffee, is present in both the leaves and berries but not in sufficient quantities to affect the health if indulged in moderately. Coffee has no food value.

The flow has stopped and the hot coffee vapor has condensed on the cold ceiling. With the precious burden in his hand, our waiter trods down the aisle to his dope-thirsty fiends, knowing aforesaid of the welcome cheers that always accompanies a cup of fine Farm School coffee.



OF MUSIC AND MEN

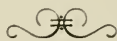
By ABI

Here is another story told about Toscanini.

It happened while the maestro was still relatively unknown and conducting an orchestra tour in Europe. His oboe player was stricken ill and the conductor was unable to perform without him or a suitable substitute.

After an exhaustive search, an amateur flutist was discovered in the person of the town shoemaker. The maestro called on the townsman to hear his playing in hope that he would be a solution to his problem.

Mr. Toscanini took off his hat, listened to the flutist, but suddenly tore at his hair. "But, maestro, I am but a shoemaker, not a musician." The maestro started to leave in great disgust. Suddenly he turned back. His face lit up, and with great emotion, he said: "At least I have found a musician who admits that he is a shoemaker."



Pass the Ammunition

Pvt.: "That colonel over there is ugly enough to scare a regiment of Japs."

Wac: "Do you know who I am, sir? I'm that colonel's daughter!"

Pvt.: "Do you know who I am?"

Wac: "No."

Pvt.: "Thank the Lord!"

—Scrippage

Since 1914

In 1914 it took 18½ hours to grow 1 acre of corn.

In 1942 it took 9½ hours to grow 1 acre of corn.

In 1914 it took 19½ hours to grow an acre of wheat.

In 1942 it took 5 hours to grow an acre of wheat.

CAMPUS NEWS

By R. SOLOMON

HORTICULTURE

The best way to show the accomplishments of the Hort department is to publish the figures of this past season's harvest, and compare the most important figures to the ones attained last year. Here are the official statistics of the season 1943:

Peaches	10 a	3,898 bas.
Apples	23 a	5,044 bu.
*Grapes	2 a	270 bas.
Plums	1 1/2 a	29 bas.
Pears		40 bu.
Cherries	1 a	897 qts.
*Raspberries		574 qts.
*Blackberries	2 a	695 qts.
Currants		633 qts.
*Strawberries		743 qts.
Asparagus	1 a	2,750 lbs.
Rhubarb	1/2 a	5,604 bun.
Early Cabbage	1 a	309 bu.
Tomatoes	1 1/2 a	28 tons
*Sweet Corn	7 a	31,381 ears
Spinach	1/2 a	125 bu.
*Snap Beans	1 a	79 bu.
*Late Cabbage	1 a	not harvested
*Lima Beans	1/2 a	15 bu.
*Cucumbers	1/2 a	37 bu.
*Peppers	1/8 a	35 bu.
Beets	1/2 a	100 bu.
Carrots	1/2 a	150 bu.
Onions	1 a	200 bu.
Pumpkins and Squash	1 a	200 bu.
Broccoli	1/4 a	
*Cantaloupes	1/4 a	
Lettuce	1/4 a	59 bu.
Peas	1/4 a	30 bu.
Scallions	1/4 a	1,000 bu.
Hot-bed Plants		25,000 plants

* The grape acreage was reduced in 1943 because of the removal of the old vineyard in the winter of 1942.

* Plums, raspberries, blackberries and strawberries yielded less because of dry weather and poor pollination in the spring.

* The sweet corn acreage planted was actually ten acres, but three acres were severely damaged by the corn borer and were plowed under.

* Snap beans, lima beans, cucumbers, peppers, cantaloupes and late cabbage yielded less or none at all because of the drought that occurred last spring.

This Hort Crops' yield table does not include the seven-acre canning project of peas, beans, and sweet corn.

The outstanding crops and yields for the 1943 season far surpassing the 1942 season were:

	1942	1943
Apples	4173 bu.	5044 bu.
Peaches	526 bas.	3898 bas.
Cherries	148 qts.	897 qts.
Currants	312 qts.	633 qts.
Tomatoes	14 1/2 tons	28 tons

The larger crops and higher prices will probably triple the Horticulture department income for 1943 and make it the best season in the history of the School.

* * *

GENERAL AGRICULTURE

By the end of the second week of October all the potatoes were

dug and stored, which is rather unusual. Because of the wet spring and dry summer, and a severe attack of the corn borer, the yield per acre was only slightly above 150 bushels. Nevertheless, Farm School's potato production was higher than the average yield established by other farmers in this area. High prices will help compensate for the poorer yield.

About 119 acres of wheat, thorn variety, has been planted, and already its stand is very promising. This variety yielded thirty-five bushels to the acres this past season.

The 1943 hay crop topped any two-year yields with a production of 650 tons. Owing to the lack of straw, the department will shred a large quantity of corn fodder which is used for bedding at the "home" and dairy barns. The ten-acre field next to the dairy was returned to its owner, Burpee, from whom the land was loaned.

This past season, a new system of farming was established in the department of General Agriculture. Many of the embankments bordering our fields were scythed clean of saplings, cleared of briar and poison ivy, and reclaimed as tillable land. More than ten acres were added to cultivation by removing brush, which harbored numerous insects and disease organisms.

All the machinery is being overhauled, greased, painted. All the wagons are being creosoted and painted. An enormous program for reconditioning the soil with lime has been carried out this sum-

mer. The soils in this section had a tendency to turn acid and thus reduce the optimum conditions for plant growth. To counteract this condition, over 125 acres were limed. This liming program included our wheat acreage, and several more fields. All in all, 219 tons of ground limestone, at a cost of \$0.25 per ton, plus the freight rates, hauled from the Bethlehem shell works at Norristown, was applied to the soils.

Some of the fellows must have wondered what happened to our colt, "Well"; it seems that the horse lacked vitamins. The colt is now at Penn State College for treatment of vitamin deficiencies.

The fellows who will be assigned to the G. A. department during the manuring season, may look ahead with a more optimistic smile. Indeed, it appears that the boys will learn soon how to use a manure loader and save themselves many back-breaking hours of loading the spreaders and wagons. It is an excellent improvement and there is no doubt that the boys on the job will appreciate the use of that new implement.

* * *

DAIRY

The dairy has been buzzing with activity these last few months with cows coming in and going out almost like bees in a hive. Through the united efforts of Mr. Einstein and Mr. Work, Dean Strong, our newborn department head, and Mr. Ellman and our reliable herdsman Mr. Cook, the long heralded herd improvement program actually got under way.

It all started last spring, when eleven head were sold to Mr. De Chambre, N. Y., followed by having eleven Jerseys consigned to the Lauxemount Sale in June, which averaged \$200.00. (Sale average: 170 dollars.) On August 11, we sold nine heifers (eight bred) and five cows, all Ayrshires, in the Fifth Annual Lancaster Sale. We averaged \$220.00 for the heifers and \$240.00 for the cows. F. S. Milkman's Minnie, an open heifer, was tops with \$310.00. She was purchased by one of the largest Ayrshire establishments in the world, the Normandy Farms, Norristown, Pa. The sale average was around \$220.00, and the top price paid did not go over \$500.00. On October 13, we sold three more Ayrshire heifers (again at Lancaster) averaging \$220.00. On November 9, three Guernsey heifers (\$600.00), three Holsteins (\$750.00) and five Holstein calves (\$300.00) went to a cattle dealer (C. Erb, Middletown, Pa.). Just recently two Guernseys and three Jerseys were sold to the butcher, and twenty-five more head are to be sold in the near future.

This intensified culling program brings us quite a few steps nearer our goal of an outstanding herd of high production with fewer but better animals. It is also hoped that the concentration on two major breeds, the Holsteins and Guernseys, rather than four as heretofore (although some of our best Ayrshires and Jerseys will always be kept on for educational purposes) will help to simplify and improve our records, especially as

far as the breeding program is concerned.

Another equally important phase was the purchase of quite a few high quality Canadian and Wisconsin bred Holstein cows of the famous Ragapple family, which is noted for its high production and at the same time high butter fat records. Ten of these good-looking specimens of bovine womanhood came here in the middle of October and their debut in Farm School cost us \$4,225.00, which, in view of the high market at this time is considered very reasonable. Yet another new strain of Holstein was introduced to our herd, "Ormsby Sensation 45th" (developed by Rutgers University) and some of the progeny came here in the beginning of this month: three bred heifers, three open heifers (six months and over), one calf and one little bull, "Editor" (six months old.) They were purchased from Ch. Mortimer, Pt. Jervis, N. J., for the amount of \$1,390.00.

In the general effort for better management our feeding program was changed somewhat also, the amount of hay fed in proportion to grain has been augmented due to the difficulties in obtaining feed these days, and also because of this year's abundance of this crop. Furthermore, a new freshening ration has been adopted in the maternity: it consists of oats-bran-linseed meal-mineral-tone and salt. It will help to prevent mammary congestions, which always cause much trouble especially at "freshening time."

There are more plans for the

immediate future. Our babies' apartments will undergo a few constructional changes: pens are to be remodeled and rearranged so that the "little ones" will be on the sunnier and warmer side of the barn, better protected from cold winds and drafts. The cows, too, will feel even more contented because soon each of them will have her own big lollipop in form of a shiny salt block. Next time you come down to the dairy you will be rubbing your eyes for a minute before you realize that those flashy white figures flying around in the barns are not some species of strange angels, but ordinary scrimers in sanitary milk suits. Bovines for Victory.

* * *

POULTRY

The units of the poultry department are populated again. The renovated big house has Leghorn hens on the first and second floors and Rhode Island Reds on the third. These birds will be the primary source of hatching eggs. Roosters have been placed with these chickens and fertile eggs will be collected soon to start the first winter hatch.

Twenty of the sixty turkeys raised at the New Brooder have been slaughtered for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. The three ducks which have been "galavanting" around the New Brooder have been laying eggs, and the poultry seniors have sampled these eggs to compare them to "hen fruit."

Most of the birds have been taken in from the range and those

that remain will be housed in the near future.

The poultry department expects to hatch and raise very excellent chicks this year for our "Parmentes" strain of Red and our "Brendow" strain of Leghorns which promise to yield exceptional offspring.

As far as the laying birds are concerned, we can only say that careful breeding, rearing and housing has naturally resulted in a fine laying flock of high producing pullets.

* * *

SENIORS

Without any fanfare or blowing of bugles, the Senior Class terminated its period of supervised practice. After almost nine months of continuous work, the seniors entered classes on November 1, and will continue them until graduation. It is the well earned reward of every senior to have this long period of studies, a final chance to coordinate all the subject matter studied during his stay at school.

At present all our efforts are concentrated on work for the Yearbook. We still have far to go in achieving all the literary standards we set for ourselves, but we are making steady progress. The class of 1944 is striving to make its yearbook "the best," and promises that it will not fall short of its expectations.

* * *

JUNIORS

The three year metamorphosis that our class has been undergoing is finally reaching the adult stage. When we emerged from out of the

city we were foreign and uncomfortable in the new world surrounding us. Being metamorphosic, we proceeded to absorb instruction and education for body energy, with the result that we began to grow in size and importance. With each new growth our constitution was modified to meet the surrounding world of symbiotic schoolmates, parasitic and saprophytic.

Periodically, we shed our protective coating — the president, secretary and councilmen which served as the means to keeping the body as one whole unit. Contrary to the general pattern of Nature, all class activity is hybernated during the summer and with the advent of Fall, we don our new armor to enter the social world with added vigor.

The present senior class is but an aged adult soon to depart from the scene. Unfortunately, for our little world that there will be few nymph grubs and maggots entering our social sphere due to a man made control power, namely Uncle Sam. It is, therefore, the burden of our class to keep all activity buzzing until such time when we, too, will pass to oblivion from the Farm School world.

In our little hive, we have elected Brunwasser, president; Appel, vice-president; Solomon, secretary; and Kanter, treasurer (return engagement). The councilmen are Weinhaus, Danenberg and Moritz.

Not only has our class changed as to ideals, but also our working force has diminished greatly. Bart Zinader, Morris Pollack and Hal

Pomerantz have left. To those of you who have left in search of broader fields and greener pastures, we wish to extend our sincerest hope for your best luck.

* * *

FRESHMEN

With the departure of Maury Faden into the armed forces, we have elected William Jacob as our new president. Ernie Elgart is now vice president. A. Radcliffe and Ernie Elgart represent the class at the student council. These positions will be held until the end of our freshman year.

October 30, the freshman class organized its annual Barn Dance. The gym was decorated in a very rustic manner, with bales of hay around the walls. Many pumpkins with weird faces illuminated the different corners of the room and added to the effectiveness of the decoration. The dance was a real success. Dr. Nusbaum was the first to congratulate the class for its fine work, and the general expression of the guests and students was one of complete enjoyment. The class of '46 feels well rewarded for its efforts.

During an intermission period, a farewell present was given to Mr. S. J. Gurbarg on the occasion of his departure from school.

The freshmen are practicing diligently for the coming freshmen-junior football game which will be held the week after the varsity football season is ended. The team looks very promising and has high hopes of repeating its performance of a few months ago: beating the

junior, this time not in baseball but good hard football. Just wait and see. . . .

* * *

LIBRARY

Through the very diligent efforts of Mrs. M. Maines, the library has acquired several new books, and among the new volumes on the "New Books" shelf, you can find: "Mother Russia" by Maurice Hindus; "Between Tears and Laughter," by Lin Yutang; "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," by Smith; "None But the Lonely Heart," by Richard Llewellyn; "Thunderhead," by Mary O'Hara.

In the agricultural field you will find such books as "Farm for Security," by William Duryee; "Handbook of Trees," by R. B.

* * *

Cows freshening in the fall will produce more milk than those freshening at any other time of the year.

* * *

Dehydrated sweet potatoes are four times as nutritious as corn.

Hough; and "So to Speak," by Elisabeth von Hesse.

The original roof of the library, which did not seem to be very waterproof at certain places, has been replaced by a new one of leak-proof tar paper.

Fellows, this winter the library will have steam heat! It is actually going to be warm.



ANSWERS TO CROSS WORD

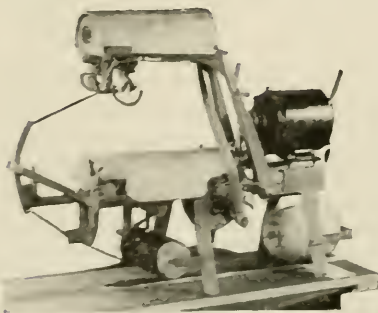
ACROSS:

1, Wheat; 6, Whee; 10, Ayrshire; 11, TB; 12, Ends; 13, Erepsin; 17, ride; 18, Eel; 19, Digest; 22, Bit; 23, Heart; 26, Zoo; 27, Cider; 28, Her; 29, TL.

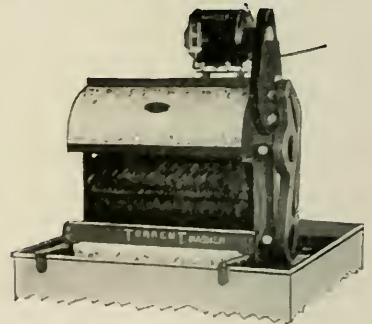
DOWN:

1, Water; 2, Hybridize; 3, Er; 4, As; 5, This; 6, Wren; 7, Hen; 9, Ensile; 14, Editor; 15, Peg; 16, Insect; 20, Eh; 21, Tail; 24, RD; 25, Tea.

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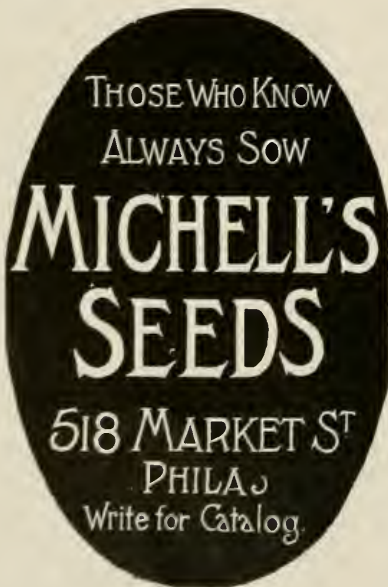
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